But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe it in, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a himne,
With ſweeteſt tutches pearce your Miſtres eare,
And draw her home with Muſique. *Play Muſique.*
Ieſſi. I am never merry when I heare ſweet Muſique.
Loren. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and unhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hote condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any ayre of muſique touch their eares,
You ſhall perceave them make a mutuall ſtand,
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of Muſique: therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh hard and full of rage,
But muſique for the time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no muſique in himſelfe,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoiles,
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Tenebris:*
Let no ſuch man be truſted: marke the muſique.

Enter Portia and Nerriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candle throwes his beames:
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the Moon ſhone we did not ſee the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dimme the leſſe,
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King,
Untill a king be by, and then his ſtate
Empties it ſelfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: muſicke harke.
Ner. It is your muſicke Madame of the houſe.
Por. Nothing is good I ſee without reſpect,
Me thinks it ſounds much ſweeter then by day.

Ner. Si.

Ner. Silence beſtowes that
Por. The Crow doth ſing
When neither is attended: a
The Nightingale if ſhe ſhould
When every Gooſe is cackling
No better a Muſician then th
How many things by ſeaſon, f
To the right praiſe, and true p
Peace, how the Moone ſleeps
And would not be awak'd.
Loren. That is the voyce,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Po*
Por. He knows me as the bl
By the bad voyce.
Loren. Deere Lady welco
Por. We have been prayin
Which ſpeed we hope the be
Are they return'd?
Loren. Madam, they are
But there is come a Meſſenge
To ſignifie their comming.
Por. Go in *Nerriſſa*,
Give order to my ſervants, th
No note at all of our being ab
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Ieſſica* nor
Loren. Your husband is at
We are no tell-tales Madam,
Por. This night me thinks
It lookes a little paler, tis a da
Such as the day is when the S

Enter Baſſanio, Antho
follo

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day
If you would walke in abſen
Por. Let me give light, bu
For a light wife doth make a
And never be *Baſſanio* ſo for
But God ſort all: you are we

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